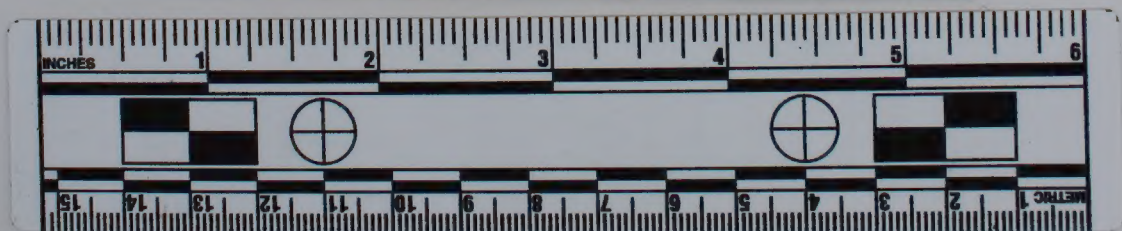


ms oct 30th



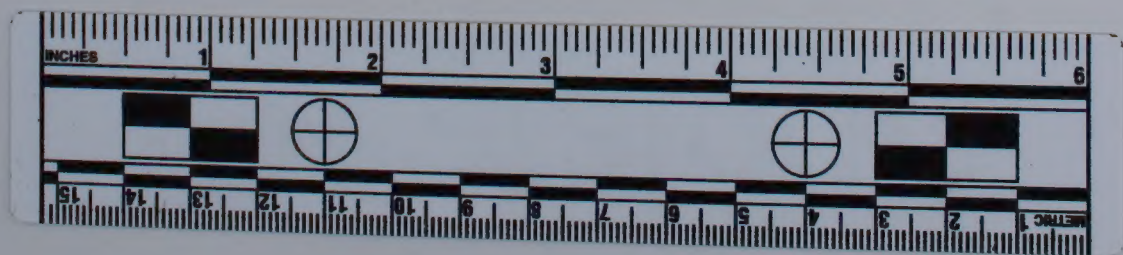
Mrs Edith Hartzell
315 W. 8th Street.
Los Angeles
California



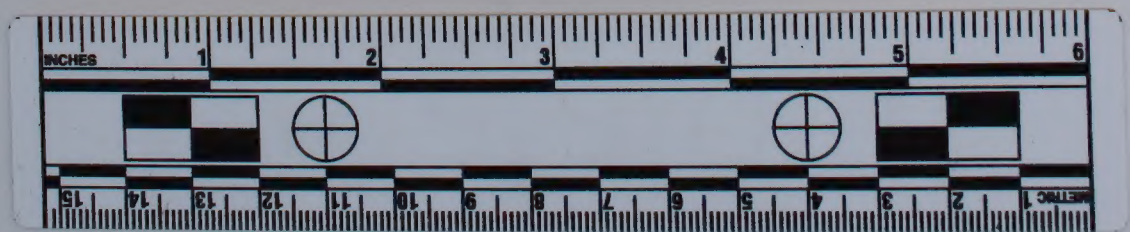


My dear Miss Hartzell,

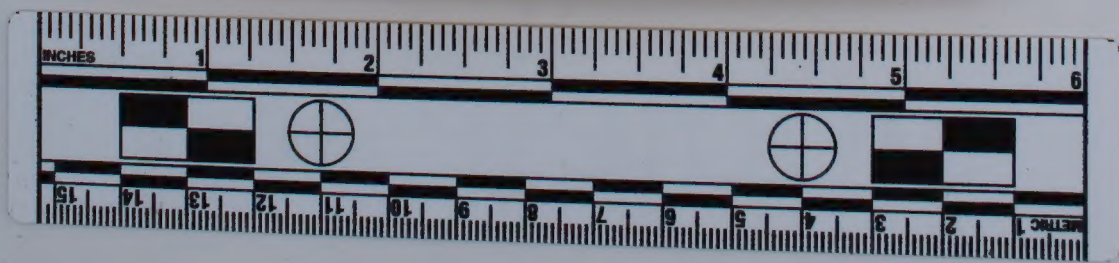
Truly I am ashamed not to have written to you long ago. The only reason I can give is, I wanted to send you these photographs when I did, and they were not finished. I have been so busy since I have been home, you don't know. I have had long things to think of. We, Papa and I had a fine trip east and reached home



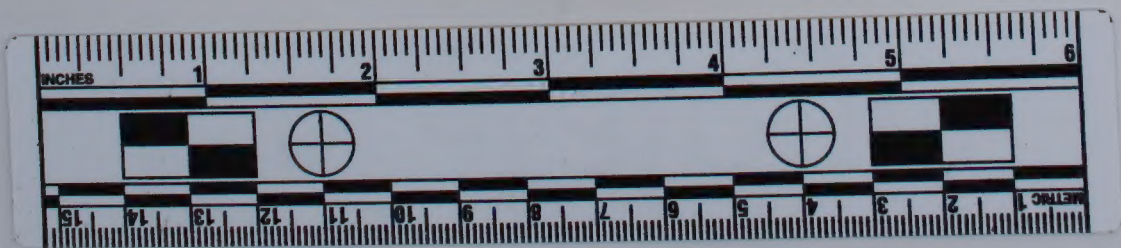
more than I care to. We are buying cows
that is Papa wants to. so we drive
about seeing when we can do the
best. I have heard from Mrs Gregg since
I came home, about the kimono I
made her the last morning I was in
Lo. Angeles - she said she was very much
surprised. I have heard once from Mrs
Ware she says Ethel has been so much
better since she went home. I have
been to two funerals since I came back.
one was Miss Pickslay the lady I told you
was so ill and you also heard me



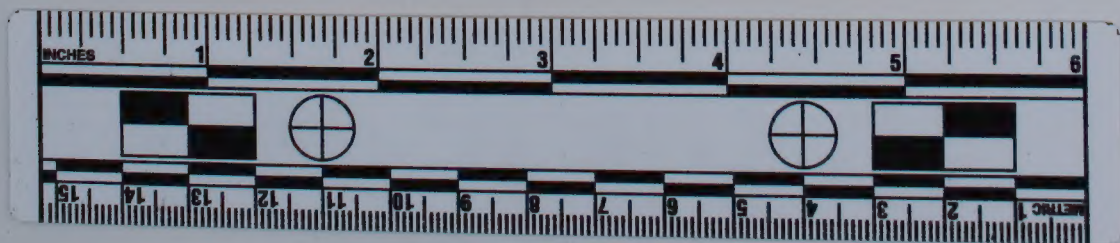
that is Warrick Sunday The
sixth of September. we arrived
in New York city to late to
take any train out for Warrick
Saturday night. Mr Reynolds
met us at the Grand Central
station, and I was so glad to
see him. I never knew before
he looked so nice. I found
my flowers all lovely. I wish
you could see them. We have
had a little frost, enough
to hurt the dahlias, so they
looked crooked. Papa has had
the kit horse up here so we
have been driving about



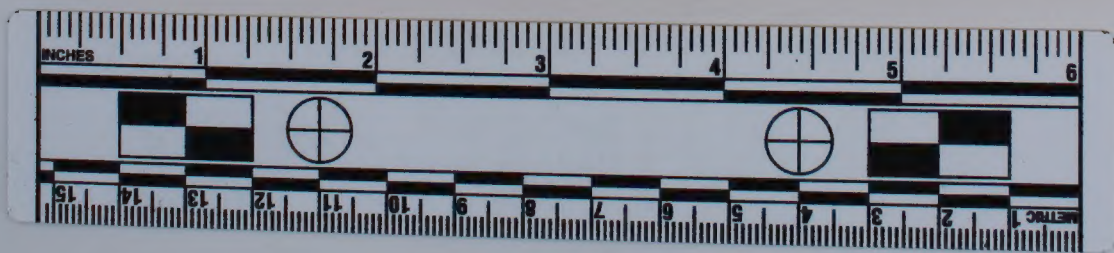
speak of Mr Smith. They did
one week apart. I dont think
I ever knew so much sickness
in the village before. My
Grandmother is home once
more and is very well. Papa
is going to stay with me
through the winter, he does
not gain his strength as I
wish he would. The doctor
here thinks he will be better
by spring. He has a lovely time
every one makes such a fuss
over him. I find we are
going to have lots of nuts
this fall. I am going to drive
over to see the trees the next
time I go to the farm. I can



not settle down to any thing.
I do a little here, and a little
there, so it don't count. I have
four pond lilies done on the
lace piece that came from Ocean
Park. it is going to be fine.
Also do you remember the
wheat piece I got in Los Angeles?
That is all finished but the
border, and I have to get
some more cotton. Last
Wednesday night Mr. Mr.
Reynolds and I, were invited
to The Red Swan Inn. for
dinner at eight in the
evening. Two consens of mine



mine in the cold. We left here
at eight in the morning and
came home at six. The day was
perfect and I wish you could see
the country about here it is beautiful.
The leaves are just turning and
the grass is as green as if it was
early spring. My what a letter I
am writing. I hope you are well once
more. I wonder how Miss Gayton is?
Have you heard from her? Papa would
wish to be remembered to you



gave this dinner to eighty
poor people. Think of it. The
Inn is ~~now~~ this year and
is the small hotel in the
place. These girls have a sister
and another who are invalids,
so they could not have any
thing home, so this is the
way they did. We had such
a nice time, and everything
was so pretty. Last Tuesday
a party of women of whom I
made one, went to Franklyn
a small town about twenty
miles from here, and went
through the pine works, I
think it is the largest pine



if he only knew I was writing
but he is safe in bed, and
so is every one else but me.
Miss Beckman is not here to
make me go. but nevertheless
I must. good night. I hope
to hear from you soon
With love to you I am
Sincerely your friend
Marian Holburn Reynolds
Warwick, Orange Co. New York.
Saturday October the third.
Nineteen hundred and three.

